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CENTRE of VISION

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No. 6

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The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the pupils of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, on the third Wednesday of every month during the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

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Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

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Single copies, 10 cents.

The spring vacation begins Tuesday, April 4, and lasts one week. We hope all will enjoy it.

REVERIE

A Photographic
Art Study



Editorials

We have discovered something in this school that, if allowed to gain headway, will seriously undermine the democracy of the undergraduate body. It is "cliques." No matter whether the institution is public or private, "cliques" destroy the social purity of a body of individuals. We abhor the fact that certain girls are "lording it" over their fellow students. There is absolutely no crowd of girls in this school that have a moral right to consider themselves better than the other students. If a girl is so well off pecuniarily that the social side of this school is not high enough for her, she should retire.

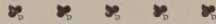
It has got so unbearable to other girls, this discriminating, gossiping, and "clique" business, that something radical must be done. The girls demand an example. There must be some way of protecting a girl from the everlasting annoyance and persecution of this clique just because she sees fit not to associate with them.

Furthermore, these same girls are so puffed up with their own conceit that they habitually make themselves obnoxious. This was never better exemplified than at the Glee Club Concert, given at the Shawmut Church. These girls sat down in the first three rows and were incessantly trying to rattle the singers. Now they've heard the truth, let them turn their spite on the Editor. He prefers to meet them face to face, but anything may be expected from them. What we demand, however, is a thorough investigation.



We are glad to hear that George H. Conley, of our State Board of Education, and superintendent of the Boston schools, has recovered enough from his recent serious illness to allow him to take a much-needed rest in the South. Mr. Conley is especially interested in the Normal Art School, being a member of the Board of Visitors, and his many friends here wish him a speedy recovery of entire health.

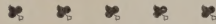
There will be no Alumni number of the CENTRE OF VISION this year.



The April number of the CENTRE OF VISION will be the "Senior Number." We hope many members of 1905 will contribute.



There will be no more cover competitions until the sales of this paper increase. It's up to you, my dear friend, you who begrudge your school paper ten cents.



This month we publish the cut of an art photograph made by one of our former pupils, George H. Seeley, and loaned to us by the Photo-Era. Mr. Seeley's first appearance as an art photographer was through the pages of the Photo-Era, and won the grand prize in its annual photographic contest in 1903.

The next that was heard of him, publicly, was the acceptance of fourteen prints by the artist jury of the American Photographic Salon, which was held in New York last December, and which will be exhibited here in May at the Boston Art Club. Mr. Seeley's work received very favorable comment from both artists and photographers, and has been reproduced in all the great photographic magazines. He is generally considered the photographic art find of the newer generation, and the reason is he has had an art training in the Normal Art School.



The profits from the Faculty reception and dance this year show that in former years there must have been some shady transactions going on. It is not our purpose here to be grave-diggers, but it does behoove all students of future classes to see that the money goes to the Senior class, instead of the committee, as formerly. A dance that is managed properly here cannot fail to be successful, both socially and financially.



At last we are to realize what a month ago seemed an impossibility. Mr. Frizzell, a graduate of our school, and an experienced teacher of Manual Training, will teach sloyd work to the Public School Class and Class C. The shop has been fitted out perfectly.

We are happy to state that at last some one has come forward to offer prizes for the best work in the different departments of our school. A friend of Mrs. Wells has offered \$75 in prizes, to be distributed as follows:—

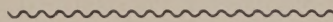
Thirty dollars for the best painting by a member of the portrait class; \$25 for the best Arts and Crafts work, the prize to be divided into two parts, \$10 for the best leather work, and \$15 for the best piece of metal work; \$20 for the best work in Class C.

These prizes are open to undergraduates only.



The petty thefts that have been perpetrated of late have got to stop. The students who took down the tissue paper decorations that were suspended from the gas fixtures in the hall, after the last dance, must bring them back before the last of next week and give them to the President of 1905, and the affair will be dropped, but if they do not, some startling disclosures with names, etc., will be printed in this column next month.

Over forty frappe cups were stolen at the Freshmen Reception in December, and the "swell" crowd of girls in "our ultra-fashionable school" better take the hint and settle up all differences at once.



How To Kill a School Paper

I. Do not subscribe—borrow your neighbor's paper. Just be a *sponge*.

II. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow. Be a *chump*.

III. Never hand in news items, and criticise everything in the paper. Be a *coxcomb*.

IV. If you are a member of the staff, gossip all the time when you should be attending to business. Be a *shark*.

Our Ultra-Fashionable School

By L. M. Marceau, 1905

Without a question, this world would be a dull abode were its inhabitants all given the same temperament, the same hopes and aims, the same interests and ambitions, like tastes and like aversions, like minds, like hearts; in a word, if we were all made on the same plan. That this is not so let us be duly thankful.

However, we cannot help thinking, at times, that some people entertain mighty queer notions. It is to be feared that we have in our midst a few such persons, individuals who have adopted (or it may be quite natural with them) an "air" which is decidedly foreign to the spirit of the school.

It would be well to remind these that there is no "class distinction" here. Those who feel they are a trifle nicer than the large body of students may hold to that opinion if it affords them any comfort. They need consolation in some way, as it is well recognized that they hardly represent the brains of this institution.

Why attempt to convert the State Normal Art into an Ultra-Fashionable School for Young Ladies? I have grave doubts of such a change ever being effected. The object and aim of the school are of a much higher order of things. In the meanwhile, the leaders of the movement are losing precious time.

The majority of students come here for a definite purpose, but a few were never destined for the Normal Art.

True, while at high school they finished a few very creditable studies, which were framed and hung upon the wall for the edification of relatives and friends.

"And Annabelle did these all herself?"

"Isn't she smart!"

"She is a born artist!"

Annabelle thinks she would like to attend the M. N. A. S.

"Ethelinda has been there a year, you know, and knows lots of nice girls. It would be great!"

Ma complacently folds her hands in front of her and acquiesces. Pa—well, Pa doesn't give a continental where Annabelle goes so long as she is satisfied and doesn't bother him. And—Annabelle goes.

It is amazing how long a student may float on the tide of

studies, so to speak, without doing much actual work. And to what extent she may enjoy herself in the midst of serious workers! That these who are not content to drift, but row on vigorously to the goal, the open seas, soon leave her behind does not disturb her serenity of mind. She continues to waste her time.

None may serve two masters well, work and pleasure. One cannot earnestly pursue the study of art, and at the same time worship wholly at the shrine of Fashion, with a marchante de modes for spiritual adviser. Who can accomplish much serious work while discussing the last dance, the coming dance, that "swell" fellow, this one, flounces, laces, and silk, the latest conceit in dress accessories, etc.? Surely not those concerned, nor yet the students compelled to listen.

Not that such thoughts are sinful! But there is a time and place for everything. There is no course in the catalogue which includes sewing and pink teas. Therefore, as the schoolroom was never intended for such purposes, we feel we have a right to protest.

Let these people betake themselves to some select boarding school. They will surely grace that establishment, while they can only disgrace this. There they can decide to a T what is best applied to the hair to make it curl (naturally), how to acquire the new waist, what walk to adopt, and like things, without encroaching upon the time of students who are trying to plan their work. Or, if such proceedings find no disfavor in the sight of authorities, and such conduct is to be countenanced in the future, let us meekly succumb to what must be. And let us, by all means, let us devote a generous portion of the CENTRE OF VISION to such topics of vital interest as these: "Flirting—a Fine Art"; "The Picturesque Smile"; "Appearing Bored Gracefully—a Pose"; "The Thumb-Ring—Is It Artistic?"; "The Fashionable Hair—a Study in Color"; etc., etc.

The Faculty Dance

The 1905 Faculty dance was unanimously decreed the best ever held. Much credit is due both Mr. Ried and Mr. Wing for the untiring zeal and energy they displayed in making everything an entire success by looking out for the details.

From the Diary of a College Man

[A True Tale.]

We had reached Hanover, and were to play Dartmouth the following afternoon. After dropping my coat and suit case in my room on the second floor, I thought a bit of fresh air would do me good, so I retired to the veranda of the hotel and sat alone on the top step, unconsciously choosing the steps instead of the reed chairs that were so numerous.

I had sat there five minutes, thinking of nothing in particular, except fighting the temptation to smoke a cigarette and get censured by the trainer. Just then a rubber-tired vehicle came up, driven by a stunning, in fact, an exquisitely beautiful girl of about twenty. She stopped and gazed at me, and I gazed at her. Wow—the seconds seemed hours.

She spoke first. "You are one of the baseball players that are to play here to-morrow, are you not?"

"Yes!" I answered.

"Well, I suppose you think me impolite, as we have had no introduction, but have you ever seen our beautiful city?"

"No!" I admitted I had not.

"Wouldn't you like to take a ride around till dinner time?"

I was slightly befuddled, to say the least. I was beginning to think a few things.

"Wh—y—yes, of course, would be delighted"—I was game.

We drove all around the city, she showing me the ball grounds and college buildings, and explaining everything, till at last I told her the fellows would miss me at supper, and would think it queer if I didn't show up.

"Why! you can stop at my house, and I'll introduce you to my father, and we'll have the most delightful meal, and then you can leave after supper and join your friends."

The temptation was great. I decided I would. Say—but wouldn't the other fellows envy me! I already was planning the yarn.

We drove up to a standstill in front of a beautiful mansion. She alighted first and hitched the horse, and led the way into the house. She rang a bell and a man took the horse to a stable. What luxury! I was surely in the home of a millionairess.



Lucy D. Taylor, 1905.

Doll & Richards, Park street; St. Botolph Club, Newbury street; Williams & Everett, Boylston street; R. C. Vose, 320 Boylston street; C. E. Cobb, 346 Boylston street; Walter Kimball & Co., 31 Beacon street; Arts and Crafts Society, 9 Park street.

The sketches of the lives of Charles Woodbury, Arthur Davies, F. Hopkinson Smith, and George Inness will be given next month, instead of in the current issue. There will also be an article about the revival of interest in the industrial branches of art, which has been and is taking place in the formation of the Arts and Crafts Societies both here and abroad.

The following is a "sign of the times": An effort is being made to combine art with printing here in this city. A society has been formed under the name of the Society of Printers, with the purpose of bettering the work. It is the intention of the society to hold exhibitions from time to time. The names of C. Howard Walker and Henry Bailey appear among those on the council governing the organization.

The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts has a sales department, in order to assist its students. Last year several hundred dollars' worth of work was disposed of for them in this way. This must undoubtedly be a great help to the students who have to put themselves through the school, and have to depend entirely upon their own efforts. This is not noted as a hint that we would like the same thing done, for there are many reasons why it would be utterly impossible and very impractical in a school which was founded for and is now essentially a normal school.

A note in a recent *Studio* informs me that there are three principal methods of doing tooled leather: First, the Mexican, that which depends upon the knife or tool alone for effect, and leaves the design in relief; second, the Spanish, or Cordovan, in which the surface is illuminated with applications of metal leaf and color; third, the Venetian, or gold tooled work. The first-mentioned process is the one that is taken up here in the school as being the only practical one for public school work.

The students of the Academy Schools in Philadelphia have put themselves to work and blossomed forth in a caricature exhibition. They are quite ambitious, choosing the works of Abbey, Alexander, and Horner among others in their list. Why can't we have one, too? Not one just confined to hits at personal appearances and characteristics of members of the school, but one that outsiders could appreciate, as well. There's a splendid chance for some of our clever and talented people up in the portrait class to have a lot of fun in working on it. Why not think it over?

There has been a great deal of comment and excitement caused over the exhibition, in New York, at the National Arts Club, of an original Greek statue of the Goddess Aphrodite. Where it was found is unknown, the owner remaining silent on that subject. The critics are busily at work trying to decide whether or no it is the work of Praxiteles. Some declare that it is undoubtedly his work, and is of the famous Parian marble, and others declare that it is a modern work. The *Outlook* sums it up in the following straightforward way:—

"The technical perfection of the statue, its remarkable state of preservation, its evident antiquity, even the possibility that it is the work of the master Praxiteles, are not the most noteworthy things about it; the beauty of form and face which it embodies would make its appearance an important event in the world of art, even if it were the work of some obscure sculptor of the present day. If, as Sir C. Purdon Clarke, the new director of the Metropolitan Museum, says of it, and as most of those who have seen it are ready to believe, 'it is entirely worthy of Praxiteles,' no quarrel of critics as to the date of its carving or the identity of the sculptor who made it can deprive it of its value, not neces-

sarily commercial, but none the less real, as a thing of beauty, and as an important addition to the sum total of the beautiful in the world."

With the appointment of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke from a very successful directorship of the South Kensington Museum to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, it seems that now the trustees expect to make a number of changes by having more departments, and at the head of each one of these a curator, who will be at work enlarging and making more useful his department, as well as cataloguing and arranging it. A strong effort is also to be made to broaden representative painting and sculpture of American art, which at present is one of its weakest features.

London — Whistler Mad

"At last 'Jimmy' Whistler, as his friends loved to call him, is vindicated. His masterpieces prove his greatness, and the triumphs that long ago were his in the eyes of the few are at last admitted by the many. To his admirers many of the canvases are familiar, including a portrait of Sir Henry Irving as 'Philip of Spain,' that Sir Henry has himself lent. One of the most interesting is the 'Master Smith of Lyme Regis,' that is lent by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The portrait of Whistler's mother, that President Loubet of France ordered the Musee de Luxembourg, by special decree, to lend, is of course a superb example of the artist's work. 'The Girl in Black' is another familiar canvas, as are some of the celebrated 'nocturnes.' Surely Whistler's day is here at last."

* * * * *

Boston's day has come and gone. Whistler's name was dragged into high society here and then dropped. We wonder what this great eccentric artist would have said if he had stepped into Copley Hall at one of his afternoon teas. We are inclined to think he would have added to his already well-earned laurels of making enemies. He might have said this, after looking around at the "400": "So these are Jimmy Whistler's paintings, are they? Take them down quick. What does this crowd know about art? Give them some food, they need it."

From the Diary of a College Man

[Continued from page 132.]

After introducing me to her father, she retired to get ready for supper. He was a genial fellow past middle age, and apparently a man of leisure. He talked to me about the coming game, then the talk drifted to his daughter.

"You see, ever since her mother died she has been that way. She is a good girl, but she delights in seeing new fellows and doing strange things. I give in to her whims, but only to a certain degree. After she comes down, you better go back to the hotel. Make a good excuse to her. Do not think me harsh, for you understand the reason. She is not responsible."

Just then I heard the swish of a silk dress. She was coming down the stairs. She was so confoundingly beautiful that she gave a fellow the "willies." She wore a low-necked dress, made of point d'esprit, over violet silk. Her dark hair, dark eyes, and coquettish ways were extremely tantalizing to my nerves, and I was afraid I'd lose control of my arms and—and——!

Well, I bade her good-by, told her how the trainer would "lay me off" several games, and would roast me before the other fellows.

Her calmness was maddening. "What!" she exclaimed in a terrible voice, as she rushed at me in a fearful rage. "Are you going to desert me now? No, sir, you won't!" Her little hand went instinctively to her breast. A little sharp-pointed instrument was there! She started at me like a vixen. I dodged—she started again. I again dodged——

Bang! Zip! My cranium split the board at the head of my bed, and I got up and smoked a cigarette, content to live in reality. Poor tobacco is bad to smoke before retiring.

—F. W. Ried, '05.

English with a French Polish

"I should like to know what I'm eating, for once, Monsieur Alphonse," said Mr. Quidsby to his chef on one occasion. "Let us have the menu in English to-day."

"Oui, Monsieur," was the reply. "It ees ver' difficile, but I veel do it so, if you veel gif me ze dictionnaire."

A small, but select, party came to dinner that evening, and were met with the following bill of fare:—

[Continued on page 145.]



"THE GRAVE'S COMPASS"
By George H. Seeley, Stockbridge, Mass.

—From Photo Era.

Paris -- February -- 19--

By Ruth F. Gray, 1905.

Fog, I have discovered, is not confined to London, no, indeed! Yesterday it was very thick here, and we had to have lights at luncheon. This morning, too, Mademoiselle Marie sent the word "brouillard" in with my coffee. She has learned to watch the effect of that word with exceeding joy, because it often means a short vacation for me, and once it did for her.

I was disappointed about something I wished to do on that particular morning, and everything was so saturated with the sickening yellow foggiess that I rushed to the piano and banged "America," "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," three times apiece, trying to forget about it. I was contemplating a similar attack on "Annie Laurie" and "Some Day," when I heard the patter of feet in the corridor. I looked up just as Mademoiselle Marie appeared in the doorway quite breathless and alarmed.

I calmed her fears as best I could by carefully explaining the relation of "le brouillard" to the racket I was making. I confess that it was not an easy thing to do. You see, my French consisted principally of "je suis fatigued," while Mademoiselle's only English words were "garden party," "cake walk," and "Tom-cat," none of which helped very much in the present emergency. However, by a few gymnastics, a cordial manner, and one long, sweet smile, I made her understand. So infused was she then with the idea of helping me forget, that she dragged out some songs she used to sing years ago.

Her thin little voice was mosquito-like in its quality, to be sure, but true and wonderfully sweet in certain passages. Song after song she brought out, and I followed along as best I could. Some we rehearsed twice, and the particular triumphs of her youth made her curls dance and her eyes shine. I could feel that for the time she had forgotten about the trick of Fate which had left her a "vieille fille," and the other hardships of her life that followed. I knew her sad story. Beautiful, accomplished, and affianced, at the age of eighteen there came upon her such misfortune as few could have faced.

Father, brother, and sweetheart were killed all in one day during the cruel war. Marie was brave, and her problem was great. She was left without money or friends. Her mother, who had become an invalid through the shock of such overwhelming disasters, had to have the best of care. Either would rather have died than face a world so empty and sad for them, but each lived for the other, and bravely, too.

Mademoiselle Marie, because of her good education, found a position as visiting governess. At first each day was a horror to her. She had been so gently reared, and never had she in her whole life been alone on the street. What wonder that her courage nearly failed her! Some days it would be dark before she could get away, and she would reach home nearly wild with terror because some man had spoken to her, or she imagined that she was being followed.

As the years passed, she became quite self-reliant, and when her mother died, Mademoiselle Marie, with the aid of a friend, established a pension "pour les dames etrangeres."

That was twenty years ago. Hard work has given her little time to dwell in her sad past, and, in spite of everything, she has a lightness of heart and sympathy that endears her in the hearts of every one she meets. She is one of the people for whom you will make yourself ridiculous, because you love to hear them laugh. Of course, our mistakes in French cause great excitement, and, in spite of all well-meant efforts to be polite, Mademoiselle will sometimes laugh long and hard.

Not many days ago I spent a very pleasant and profitable evening. I sat on the floor before my open fire and cracked walnuts. The next morning, bursting with enthusiasm for the French language, I told Mademoiselle that I had been sitting on my ceiling.

At first, in her amazement at my accomplishment, she exclaimed, "What will you Americans do next!" When explanations and interpretations had been made, we both enjoyed it. "Plafond" ought to mean floor, anyway—but I have left Mademoiselle Marie singing. A dear little song it was, too—"Sympathie." She sang it so well that I intended asking for an encore,

but as we reached the final chord, a ray of sunshine struggled in with the message that the fog was gone, and I could paint!

What did it mean to Mademoiselle? That her dream was over. She was no longer young and beautiful, but old and wrinkled, with marketing to do. Why wasn't Leonie ready with the basket?

The poor little maid, quite astonished at the sight of her busy mistress singing the morning hours away, had entered the room unobtrusively, and was fast asleep in the corner!

Luncheon was very late that day, but three of us didn't care a bit!

A Reverie

One by one the clouds are floating

In that deep, calm atmosphere;

While the gentle breezes kiss me,

Driving 'far both care and fear.

How I love that calm, free motion

Of those filmy dreams o'erhead;

And to my inner, deeper longing

Comes the wish that I might lead.

Gently from its place of hiding,

Ready at a moment's call,

My soul takes on that gauzy armor

By which we all build castle halls.

And as the vision grows before me,

And Life presents her richest treasure,

I choose the path that leads to Fame,

Nor care for wealth nor common pleasure.

A leader of my fellow beings

In whatsoever path I wend;

Blazing, that each one may follow,

Quickly, safely to the end.

Yet would I live as God hath made me,

Just a man, no more, no less,

One who feels his mortal weakness,

But he whom every one may bless.

—Royal B. Farnum, 1906.

The Principles of Education from One Student's Standpoint

Education! The word in itself covers a multitude of crimes in the form of charlatanism and pretense at the expense of the child's character. To prove this assertion, look in some of our local private schools. Education, however, in the highest sense of the word, has a noble aim; an everlasting effect; a terrific power, if expounded by conscientious men and women. Education has for its object to lead man toward an ideal perfection from a more or less imperfect state. This goal must ever be before our eyes as a guiding star, though in reality it is unattainable on one hand, on account of the mental evolution of mankind being practically unlimited, and on the other, on account of the star rising to loftier and loftier heights with each gain in that evolution. Man distinguishes himself from his nearest relations in the scale of evolution—the higher animals—essentially by the capacity which enables him to think and reason connectedly, and to form ideals, a power intimately bound up with articulate speech. Now, as both thought and language are necessarily dependent on each other, they constitute together what the great Goethe calls "the highest attribute of man"—his mind or reason and his power of arousing the same intellectual activity in others. Hence, ideal perfection can only be approached by cultivating reason and its outward representative, language.

From the moment man begins to compare with attention and great effort many impressions and conceptions, he becomes enabled to reason connectedly, to conclude, and to will consciously—i. e., technically speaking, when man not only begins to "perceive," but also to "apperceive," he really begins to become a rational being.

We may safely say that an education that is based upon intuition and experience alone can never make thinkers of men, and can never raise them to their highest development. Many men care nothing about their highest development, but are completely satisfied with themselves. These poor, ignorant mortals are to be pitied. Words are useless with them. Man needs exercise, severe exercise in the apperceptive functions to reach that end, and the past has certainly shown that there is no better car-

rier of thought than the study of that great universal language, drawing, but this should never be attempted till the native tongue, at least, and literature, history, customs of different races, geography, and a satisfactory explanation of things read had been thoroughly mastered, for with an undeveloped mind, drawing can never be carried into useful and deep channels.

The teacher should be of such high intelligence as to follow his own clearly-elaborated method, that should be best suited to the pupil before him. It would weaken a teacher to prescribe to him the system of any one pedagogue, be it even of a renowned one. He must know the opinion of other great educators, but, to be successful, he must follow his own course. A teacher must strive for thoroughness, which has been so sorrowfully neglected in our American schools, college admission examinations being usually the only goal aimed at. The mind is secondary in most preparatory schools.

A successful teacher must have the power of arousing and keeping the interest of pupils, and, above all, on the example he himself sets in the noblest and loftiest aim for which a youth or man may strive.

Then, closing, let the child receive first the blessings of a home that has lofty ideals and influences. Let the mother first and the father next lead the child in his first years to an appreciation of what pure and lofty thoughts are, and when grown up into the being man, he may know that the best for him is to live with his fellow beings in peace, to be benevolent, kind, forgiving, and just, and his aim may be to contribute to the community an "upright" man. The world must, sooner or later, if the being lives long enough, put him in his proper place. Let that be above the fog.

—F. W. Ried, '05.

How to Kill a School Paper

[Continued from page 129.]

V. Tell your neighbor that you can get the paper for less money, or, better still, work the manager for a free copy. Be a *squeeze*.

VI. If you can't get a hump on your anatomy and help make this paper a success, be an infernal *corpse*.

—With Apologies to an Ex.

Alumni Notes

J. Winthrop Andrews, 104 Grape St., Chicopee, Mass.

An antiquated covered railroad station, which reminds one of those in England, only agreeably lacking that beauty of modern decoration, the poster. From this to the broad street, with its ancient elms, record posts of the ages of the mansions sheltered by them, to the huge, stately building on a slight rise of ground with plenty of breathing space. This is the rapid jump from antiquity to the acme of modern usefulness and beauty that one takes when visiting the Salem Normal School.

It is seldom one finds a building so complete in unity of thought as this one. For the architect has gone beyond the planning of the exterior and the arrangement of the rooms, and has planned the color schemes for the interior and selected many of the pictures for the walls.

Even with the mercury below normal, one feels sufficiently comfortable, for the homelike glow of warmth from the walls of the corridors keeps one in a cheery mood.

The color harmonies on the walls of the various rooms certainly tend to influence the color work of the students, as they, in their practice work, must necessarily visit so many rooms. For the art study of this school is carried on through the most interesting correlation in nearly every room of the building.

Here in the science room the different kinds of maps are drawn, the changes of the weather decoratively shown, and working drawings of the apparatus made. In the botany room the arrangement of the sheets, the printing, and the representation of the specimens is made under the guidance of the Art director. The subject of spelling is made interesting by covers and illustrations by the pupil. The language work, at any time the drawing can assist it, dominates the ideas during the hours of art study. Even the prosaic subject of arithmetic is made to have an artistic connection in the covers decorated with geometric or measured design.

These are but a few of the ways that Frederick Whitney, an alumnus of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, has of making drawing a necessity to the teacher and the pupil.

As blackboard and chalk is to the teacher what paper and pencil is to the artist, its possibilities should be used and appreciated to the utmost.

One only needs to see this carried out in all the grades under the guidance of Mr. Whitney, for words cannot express the beauty and interest of these works of art, to fully realize it. Both white and colored chalk is used, and the results are truly wonderful.

Although handicraft is not required at the Salem Normal there seems to be enough of the witchery of the crafts left in the historic town to influence the results of brass and copper in many forms, leather in all its pleasing varieties, basketry, raffia and rug weaving, for truly the arts are applied here.

It is to just such a place, under the guidance of a Massachusetts Normal Art graduate, that those about to enter the field of Art work should turn.

Menzel — the Artist

In a very interesting article, Professor Begas, the famous sculptor, writing on the late Professor von Menzel, called him one of the greatest and most original artists the world has ever seen. This was indeed true of Menzel, not only from an artistic, but also from a humane standpoint. In his originality and extreme bluntness he reminded one of Whistler. Like the great American painter, Menzel understood the gentle art of making enemies.

Menzel did not care a rap whom he offended, whether high or low, whether model or prince. The story is told that, at a court festival, the late Emperor Frederick, then crown prince, took up the chair on which Menzel, who was almost a dwarf, was sitting. Highly indignant, the "little excellency" said: "Your royal highness, I cannot allow this." For a long time after this incident, the relations between the two men were somewhat strained.

The greatest attention, however, which the present Kaiser showed Menzel was in 1899, when he bestowed on him the order of the Black Eagle, and gave him the rank of nobility, an honor never before accorded a German artist. The escutcheon given Menzel was drawn by the Kaiser's own hands.

Menzel showed his aversion to women in the way he once received a noted soubrette, Ernestine Wagner. The actress demanded that Menzel should paint her picture. Menzel, in a

furious tone, answered: "I do not paint for professional or advertising purposes." With these words, he slammed the door in the face of the much-surprised woman.

Menzel was able to work with both right and left hands. He usually painted with his right hand and drew with his left. He called his left hand his "love." At the request of Menzel's family, Professor Begas, who has also made the artist's death mask, some months ago made casts of Menzel's extremely small and delicate hands.

Menzel loved to walk the streets, but alone. When he passed people stopped, for every cab driver and every child knew him. Almost every evening he could be seen at a popular restaurant on the Potsdamer street. He always sat alone, and woe to any one who dared to sit next to him.

Menzel dearly loved a glass of good wine, and at big festivities was always one of the last to go home. The following story in this connection is told: One day a hired girl came to Menzel, to invite him to dinner to be given by a noted professor. She found on Menzel's doorbell a sign: "Do not ring," and also the words: "Am sick on Friday."

Without paying any attention to these warnings, the girl rang the bell. Menzel appeared at the door. She said: "Professor H. desires to have you present at his house on Friday."

"Tell the professor," Menzel answered, "that I am going to a dinner on Thursday, and that therefore on Friday I shall be ill."

English with a French Polish

[Continued from page 136.]

Soup at the Tail of the Calf.
 Salmon in Curl Papers.
 Chest of Mutton to the Little Peas.
 Potatoes Jumped.
 Ducks Savage at Sharp Sauce.
 Charlotte at the Apples.
 Turkey at the Devil.
 Fruits Variegated.

Quidsby and Mrs. Quidsby agreed afterward that they had never presided over a more hilarious dinner party.

—Taken from *Youth's Companion*.

CLASS NOTES

1905

Miss Spofford has captured "the Prince"!!

Miss Coggeshall, who has been absent the last few weeks on account of illness, is greatly missed by her classmates.

Teachers' meetings! What next! Between now and June every member of the Public School Class will conduct a supervisors' meeting. A part of every Tuesday and Friday morning will be given up to this work. Various and interesting subjects have been assigned, on which the students will give one-hour illustrated talks.

Programme of the Public School Class work:—

Tuesday—Supervisors' meetings. Course of study, etc., under the supervision of Mrs. Bachelor. Afternoon—Observing for some in Boston schools.

Wednesday—9 till 12 o'clock, water-color, Miss Bailey; 12.30 to 2, assigned work.

Thursday—9 till 12 o'clock, Arts and Crafts; shop work, under supervision of Mr. Martin; 12.30 to 2, assigned work. Afternoon—observing.

Friday—Courses of study; supervisors' meetings; English composition; Mrs. Bachelor's work. Afternoon—observing.

Saturday—Blackboard drawing, under Mr. Bartlett; sloyd, shop work, under Mr. Frizzell.

We all are anxious to have a little design from Mr. George and some simple color lessons from Mr. Munsell.

Rehearsals are under way for the Senior dramatics. We all will be there. The fourteenth of April, in the Newtowne Club Hall, North Cambridge.

1906

Poor Frankie! We understand he is a poor henpecked youth.

There was a young lady named Hannah,
Who performed in a very fine manner.

One day in dismay
She said, "I will play

On the thing they call a pie—Anna."

We all were glad to see Kitty's beaming face again.
Why does Farnum visit the ladies so much?

1907

A new and popular shade—"affectionate gray."

Who formed the physical culture class in Mr. Major's studio?

"Is Fox here?" And a face peers cautiously around the door.

The circus now has come to town,
Come in, friends, one and all,
Before each "comp" we'll stop and see
Our wonders great and small.

Mr. Major has got some very clever boys in his life class. Certainly those who look at the work cannot help but appreciate the methods that bring such results.

Kolsky to Hatch: "How much do you expect to get for that piece of work?"

1908

A befuddled Freshman went into W. H. & Co.'s the other day, and this is what he said:—

"Say, mister, I want some of that Hotman's what pressed paper."

"Some of what?"

"Oh, yes, some of that 55-pound Hotman's cold-fingered paper."

"Some o—f wh—at?"

"Oh, some of Miss Bailey's water-color paper."

And then they understood.

We are sorry to hear of Brennan's illness. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Did you pass in the exam? We understand that few did. We must be a lot of blockheads.

We will all welcome the April vacation, and we think it will be deserved.

We wish to thank Dunbar for his beautiful heading, but we think the Mellin's Food part could hit several upper classmen.

Johnson seems to have a liking for Class B girls. Well, what do you think of that?

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With a capital H loves E,
But we with a capital A love Art,
And with all our heart love we."

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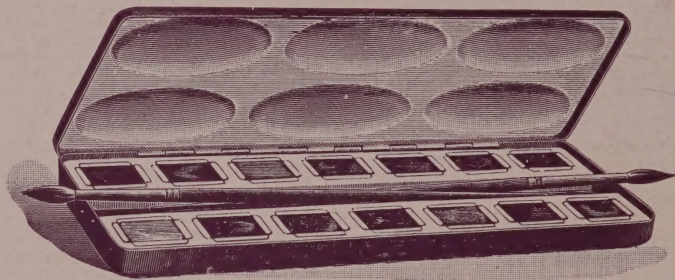
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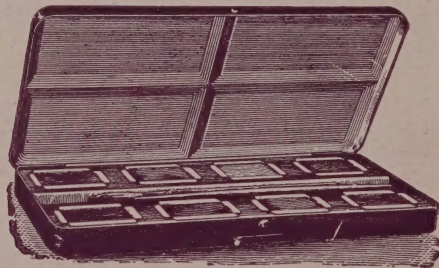
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